





## The Harvester.

The harvest comes; and all our fields are weighed down with splendor: The seasons have been more than fair; And nature more than tender. If other lands have bled in war; In labor ours was peaceful; And not a harvest yield for years. Has been more grandly bountiful. And now the harvesters are out Before the sun is shining, With ready hearts and bare arms strong. No rest till its declining. They sing their songs, and gather in The honest earth's profusion, And shout to Want and Misery, "Here's to you both, confusion!" Long live the joyful harvester! Come on for supper thirring, Those stately arms and hands expert Have filled the barn to bursting; And piled around the teeming barn Huge stacks that blush with clover, And trim their sides and thatched roofs with straw and "riders" over. If we can call a living down For any living creature, Bait upon the Harvest.

The Treasurer of Nature.

New York Mail.

## OUR ARCHERY CLUB.

From Scribner for August.

When an archery club was formed in our village, I was among the first to join it; but I should not, on this account, claim any extraordinary enthusiasm on the subject of archery, for nearly all the ladies and gentlemen of the place were among the first to join. Few of us I think, had a correct idea of the popularity of archery in our midst, until the subject of a club was broached. Then we all perceived what a strong interest we felt in the study and use of the bow and arrow. The club was formed immediately, and our thirty members began to discuss the relative merits of lancewood, yew, and greenheart bows, and to survey yards and lawns for suitable spots for setting up targets for home practice.

Our weekly meetings, at which we came together to show, in friendly contest, how much our home practice had taught us, were held upon the village green, or rather upon what had been intended to be the village green. This pretty piece of ground, partly in smooth lawn, and partly shaded by fine trees, was the property of a gentleman of the place, who had presented it, under certain conditions, to the township. But as the township had never fulfilled any of the conditions, and had done nothing toward the improvement of the spot, further than to make it a grazing-place for local cows and goats, the owner had withdrawn his gift, shut out the cows and goats by a picket fence, and having locked the gate, had hung up the key in his barn. When our club was formed, the green, as it was still called, was offered to us for our meetings, and with proper gratitude we elected its owner to be our president.

This gentleman was eminently qualified for the presidency of an archery club. In the first place, he did not shoot; this gave him time and opportunity to attend to the shooting of others. He was a tall and pleasant man, a little elderly. This "elderliness" if it may so put it, seemed in his case to resemble some mild disorder, like a gentle rheumatism, which, while it prevented him from indulging in all the wild hilarities of youth, gave him, in compensation, a position, as one entitled to a certain consideration, which was very agreeable to him. His little disease was chronic, it is true, and it was growing upon him, but it was, so far, a pleasant ailment.

And so, with as much interest in bows, and arrows, and targets, and successful shots as any of us, he never fitted an arrow to a string, nor drew a bow; but he attended every meeting, settling disputed points, (for he studied all the books on archery); encouraging the disheartened; holding back the eager ones, who would run to the target as soon as they had shot regardless of the fact that others were still shooting; and that the human body is not arrow-proof; and shedding about him that general aid and comfort which emanates from a good fellow, no matter what he may say or do.

There were persons—outsiders—who said that archery clubs always selected ladies for their presiding officers, but we did not care to be too much bound down and trammelled by customs and traditions. Another club might not have among its members such a genial elderly gentleman, who owned a village green.

I soon found myself greatly interested in archery, especially when I succeeded in planting an arrow somewhere within the periphery of the target; but I never became such an enthusiast in bow-shooting as my friend Pepton.

If Pepton could have arranged matters to suit himself, he would have been born an archer; but as this did not happen to have been the case, he employed every means in his power to rectify what he considered this serious error in his construction. He gave his whole soul, and the greater part of his spare time to archery, and as he was a young man of energy, this helped him along wonderfully.

His equipments were perfect; no one could excel him in this respect. His bow was snake-wood, backed with hickory. He carefully rubbed it down every evening with oil and bees-wax, and it took its repose in a green baize bag. His arrows were Philip Highfield's best, his strings the finest flanders hemp. He had shooting-gloves and he had little leather tips, that could be screwed fast on the ends of what he called his string-fingers. He had a quiver and a bow, and when equipped for the weekly meeting, he carried a fancy-colored wiping tassel, and a little ebony grease-pot, hanging from his belt. He wore, when shooting, a polished armguard or bracer, lived with two good old maiden ladies, who took as much care of him as if they had been his mothers. And he was such a good kind fellow that he deserved all the attention they gave him. They felt a great interest in his archery pursuits, and shared his anxious solicitude in the selection of a suitable place to hang his bow.

"You see," said he, "a fine bow like this, when not in use, should always be in a perfectly dry place."

"And when in use, too," said Miss Martha, "for I am sure that you oughtn't to be standing and shooting and if he had heard of anything else that an archer should have, he straightway would have procurement."

Pepton was a simple man, and in any damp spot there's no sure way of getting chilled."

To which sentiment Miss Martha agreed, and suggested wearing rubber shoes, or having a board to stand on, when the club met after a rain.

Pepton first hung his bow in the hall; but after he had arranged it sym-

metrically upon two long nails (bound with great worship), lest they should scratch the bow through its wooden cover, he reflected that the front door would frequently be open, and that damp draughts must often go through the hall. His own room had to be aired a great deal, in all weathers, and so that would not do at all. The wall above the kitchen fire-place would be a good location, for the chimney was nearly always warm; but Pepton could not bring himself to keep his bow in the kitchen; there would be nothing esthetic about such a disposition of it; and, besides, the girl might be tempted to stir and bend it. The old ladies really did not want it in the parlor, for its length and its green cover would make it an encroaching and unbecoming neighbor to the little engravings and the big samplers, the picture-frames of acorns and pine-cones, the tactfully-arranged ornaments clean wheat-straw, and all the quaint adornments which had hung upon those walls for so many years. But they did not say so. If it had been necessary to make room for the bow, they would have taken down the penciled profiles of their grandfather, their grandmother, and their father; when a little boy, which hung in a row over the mantel-piece.

One afternoon, as I was passing the old ladies' house, I saw, or thought I saw, two men carrying in a coffin. I was struck with alarm.

"What?" I thought, "can either of those good women—? Or, can Pepton—?"

Without a moment's hesitation, I dashed in behind the men. There, at the foot of the stairs, directing them, stood Pepton. Then it was not he! I seized him sympathetically by the shoulder.

"Which?" I faltered. "Which? Who is that coffin for?"

"Coffin!" cried Pepton, "why, my dear fellow, that is not a coffin. That is my asham."

"Ascham?" I exclaimed. "What is that?"

"Come and look at it," he said, when the men had set it end against the wall; "it is an upright closet or receptacle for an archer's armament. Here is a place to stand the bow, here are supports for the arrows and quivers; here are shelves and hooks, on which to lay or hang everything the merry man can need. And you see, moreover, that it is lined with green plush, and that the door fits tightly, so that it can stand anywhere, and there need be no fear of draughts or dampness affecting my bow. Isn't it a perfect thing? You ought to get one."

I admitted the perfection, but argued no further. I had not the income of my good friend Pepton.

"That," said Pepton, "is to see Miss Rosa wear the badge."

"Indeed!" said I, and from that moment I began to understand Pepton's hopes in regard to the grandmother of those children who should point to the

gated at the bunches of arrows, the arm-bracers, the gloves, the grease-pots,

and all the rest of the paraphernalia of archery, as it hung around Pepton's room; or when they afterward allowed a particular friend to peep at it, all arranged so orderly within the asham:

or when they looked with sympathetic loving admiration on the beautiful polished bow, when it was taken out of its bag—little did they think—I say, that Pepton was the very poorest shot in the club. In all the surface of the much perforated targets of the club, there was scarcely a hole that he could put his hand upon his heart and say he made.

Indeed, I think it was the truth that Pepton was born not to be an archer.

When I say we improved, I do not mean all of us. I do not mean Miss Rosa. Although her attitudes were as fine as ever, and every motion as true as targets all the afternoon, if they could get a chance; and there were ladies who made hits five times out of six, and there were also all the grades of archers common to any club. But there was no one but himself in Pepton's grade. He stood alone, and it was never any trouble to add up his score.

And yet he was not discouraged. He practiced every day except Sundays, and indeed he was the only person in the club who practiced at night. When he told me about this, I was a little surprised.

"Why, it's easy enough," said he. "You see, I hung a lantern, with a re-

lief before the target, just a little to one side. It lighted up the target beautifully, and I believe there was a better chance of hitting it than 'y'day' light for the only thing you could see was the target, and so your attention was not distracted. To be sure," he said, "and what is the discovery?"

"It's this," he answered. "When you draw your bow, bring the neck of your arrow—" he was always very particular about technical terms—"well up to your ear. Having done that, don't bother any more about your sight."

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THE AVALANCHE JOB OFFICE

FOR

LETTER HEADS,

BILL HEADS,

STATEMENTS,

ENVELOPES,

NOTE HEADS,

CIRCULARS,

RECEIPTS,

BLANKS

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

## THE AVALANCHE.

Wednesday Aug. 27, 1879.

GOR. PRESIDENT

OF THE UNITED STATES,

IN 1880,

ZACHARIAN CHANDLER,

OF MICHIGAN.

BILLY SPRAGUE.

The Ex-Senator Rock's A Guideless Tale in  
His Own Interest About the Sprague-  
Conkling Scandal to the Reporter of the  
Boston Globe.

Senator Sprague has been in consulta-  
tion with his lawyers, and absolutely  
declines to make a statement for publica-  
tion "directly," but an intimate  
friend relates the substance of what oc-  
curred between Mrs. Sprague and Sen-  
ator Conkling on Friday, August 24th,  
as the story came from the lips of Mr.  
Sprague himself. Its publication would  
not be permitted even now, but for the  
letter of Mrs. Sprague.

Gov. Sprague's version of the affair is  
as follows: He had been down in Maine  
on a business trip, expecting to be ab-  
sent until Saturday night. He finished  
his business before he expected to, and  
returned late Thursday night, but  
did not see Mrs. Sprague, although he  
knew she was present in the house.

On Friday morning he learned for  
the first time, and down at the pier,  
that Senator Conkling was up at his  
house and had been there a day or two.

The Governor was mad beyond mea-  
sure, and the cause of his anger, he said  
to his friend, was the intimate rela-  
tions between Senator Conkling and his  
wife, which had long been obvious to him.

The existence of these rela-  
tions was no secret to him. He had  
seen the scandal growing and becom-  
ing more and more piteous, and he spoke  
bitterly of the conduct of Senator  
Conkling towards his wife at Wash-  
ington. Bitter words had often been spoken  
between his wife and himself be-  
cause of that intimacy. She was fully  
aware how obnoxious to him was that  
intimacy and what were his feelings to-  
ward Senator Conkling. But, in spite  
of this, said Mr. Sprague, in spite of all  
the scandal and the violence to his feel-  
ings, that she should invite Senator  
Conkling to be a guest at his house dur-  
ing his absence, and that Conkling  
should have the brazen effrontery to  
come there at all, incensed him beyond  
all measure. As he expressed it, Senator  
Conkling was trying to do for his  
home in Rhode Island what he had al-  
ready done for his home in Wash-  
ington, and he had determined to put an  
end to it at once and forever.

With this deliberate intention he  
hurried back to Canonicet as soon as he  
heard Conkling was there. Near  
the house he met Linck, the German  
professor, but he declared positively  
he had no gun with him and had no in-  
tention of shooting him. He did not  
even have his gun with him at the  
time. He did not order Linck to leave  
the house, and was supposed to be  
hanging there, not, however, because he  
had anything against the man himself,  
but because he could not afford to have

such an attachment to his establish-  
ment, and he felt that the display of  
extravagance at Canonicet was injuri-  
ous to him in his efforts to save the wreck  
of his vast property interests and to get  
on his feet again financially. But he  
hardly gave Linck a thought. Prob-  
ably did speak angrily, he said, for  
he was very angry; but his indignation  
was against Conkling and not against  
Linck.

He found Conkling in the house

alone, and ordered him out on the

instant. Conkling refused to go. A few  
high words ensued, and then Sprague  
went upstairs to get his shotgun. He  
found he had no percussion caps for  
his weapon, and went off to the village  
to get some. As soon as he could pro-  
tect them he hurried back, and Conk-  
ling was still there! He again ordered  
him to leave, and Conkling refused to  
go and tried to mollify Sprague and  
excess himself from leaving so suddenly  
on the ground that he had no car-  
riage for himself or his baggage which  
was not even packed. Thereupon Mr.  
Sprague drew out his watch and told  
Conkling that he would give him thir-  
ty seconds to get out, and that if he  
was not out by that time he (Sprague)  
would blow his brains out.

At that moment a carriage appeared  
in sight, which had evidently been sent  
for while Sprague was absent in his  
search for the caps. At any rate, Conk-  
ling immediately got into it and drove  
away, leaving his baggage behind him.

What happened afterwards in the  
house is not related, except that Conk-  
ling's luggage was hauled out of the  
short notice.

Conkling would quite hang-  
around the place, and determined to  
make him fully understand that he  
(Sprague) was thoroughly in earnest,

and that it was not a mere passing fit  
of rage, the Governor, as soon as he  
had said his say at the house and had

ordered Conkling's luggage out, jumped  
into his own wagon and drove off  
toward the pier to find Conkling, and  
he carried his gun with him. He found

Conkling pacing up and down in front  
of a cafe, jumping from his carriage,  
he beckoned Conkling to come to him,  
and said, "Come on, I want you."

Conkling came, and another scene  
ensued. Conkling spoke low and mild-  
ly, evidently seeking to avoid attract-  
ing observation and tried again to  
mollify the Governor. This only en-  
raged Mr. Sprague the more. He

ounced Conkling violently, and told  
him plainly that he had enough of his  
intimacy with Mrs. Sprague and did  
not propose to have any more of it.  
The Governor reminded Mr. Conkling  
that he had broken a promise he once  
made in Washington to give up his ac-  
quaintance with Mrs. Sprague.

Finally, the Governor cut Conkling  
short in an attempted reply, by asking  
him abruptly if he was armed. Conk-  
ling, bristling up, replied that he was  
not; that if he was he (Sprague) would  
not go on as he was going. Without  
noticing the threat, Sprague replied:

"Then go and arm yourself and here-  
after go armed. I don't intend to  
shoot an unarmed man; but I tell you  
now that if you ever cross my path  
again, I will shoot you at sight."

With this threat Gov. Sprague jumped  
into his carriage and drove off, and  
Mr. Conkling returned to the cafe.  
This is undoubtedly a substantially  
correct story of what actually hap-  
pened between Senator Conkling and ex-  
-Senator Sprague.

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